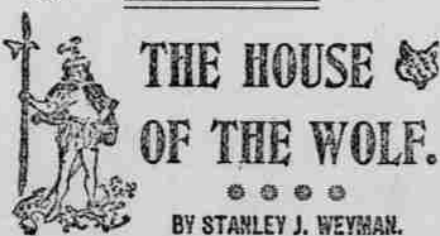


All communications for this paper should be accompanied by the name of the author, not necessarily for publication but as an evidence of good faith on the part of the writer. Write only on one side of the paper. Be particularly careful in giving names and dates to have the letters and figures plain and distinct.

A LEGEND OF THE STRAND.

'Tis said an author who had starved to death
Went walking, some years after he had
lost his breath,
In spirit up Fleet street, then down the
Strand,
And found himself before a bookman's
stand.
"What's this?" he mused, as in his hand
A book
He took.
"Dear me, my verse!" he cried, and kissed
the tome.
"You killed me—cost me hearth and home.
Whist! you lay snugly on my dusty shelf.
Heigho!" he sighed.
"Thou wert my pride,
And ruin." Quoth the book: "Not so!
You died too soon to really know.
I have become
A rarity, and worth a wondrous sum.
And through me now
You wear the laurel on your brow!"
Even as the volume spoke,
A mortal came, the little book did take,
And as the spirit watched him from the
shade,
Some twenty pounds for it he paid.
"Egad!" the author cried, as back he sped
To Hades. "I have on my head
Enough of hay entwined to feed a horse!
I'm proud of it—oh yes, I am, of course—
But what a shame to decorate
An author's mate
And leave his stomach to disintegrate!"
—John Kendrick Bangs, in Harper's Magazine.



CHAPTER VII.—CONTINUED

I did not imagine anything else which it could be. That is the truth, though it may need explanation. I was accustomed only to the milder religious differences, the more evenly balanced parties of Quercy, where the peace between the Catholics and the Huguenots had been welcome to all save a very few. I could not gauge therefore the fanaticism of the Parisian populace, and lost count of the factor, which made possible that which was going to happen—was going to happen in Paris before daylight as surely as the sun was going to rise! I knew that the Huguenot nobles were present in the city in great numbers, but it did not occur to me that they could as a body be in danger. They were many and powerful, and as was said, in favor with the king. They were under the protection of the king of Navarre—France's brother-in-law of a week, and the prince of Conde; and though these princes were young, Coligny, the sagacious admiral, was old, and not much the worse I had learned for his wound. He at least was high in royal favor, a trusted counselor. Had not the king visited him on his sick-bed and sat by him for an hour together?

Surely, I thought, if there were danger, these men would know of it. And then the Huguenots' main enemy, Henri le Balafre, the splendid duke of Guise, "our great man," and "Lorraine," as the crowd called him—he, it was rumored, was in disgrace at court. In a word, these things, to say nothing of the peaceful and joyous occasion which had brought the Huguenots to Paris, and which seemed to put treachery out of the question, were more than enough to prevent me forecasting the event.

If for a moment, indeed, as I hurried along towards the river, anything like the truth occurred to me, I put it from me. I say with pride I put it from me as a thing impossible. For God forbid—one may speak out the truth these 40 years back—God forbid, say I, that all Frenchmen should bear the blood-guiltiness which came of other than French brains, though French were the hands that did the work.

I was not greatly troubled by my forebodings therefore; and the state of exaltation to which Mme. d'O's confidence had raised my spirits lasted until one of the narrow streets by the Louvre brought me suddenly within sight of the river. Here faint moonlight bursting momentarily through the clouds was shining on the placid surface of the water. The fresh air played upon, and cooled my temples. And this, with the quiet scene so abruptly presented to me, gave check to my thoughts, and somewhat sobered me.

At some distance to my left I could distinguish in the middle of the river the pile of buildings which crowd the Ile de la Cite, and could follow the nearer arm of the stream as it swept landwards of these, closely hemmed in by houses, but unbroken as yet by the arches of the Pont Neuf which I have lived to see built. Not far from me on my right—indeed, within a stone's throw—the bulky mass of the Louvre rose dark and shapeless against the sky. Only a narrow open space—the foreshore—separated me from the water; beyond which I could see an irregular line of buildings, that no doubt formed the Faubourg St. Germain.

I had been told that I should find stairs leading down to the water, and boats moored at the foot of them, at this point. Accordingly I walked quickly across the open space to a spot, where I made out a couple of posts set up on the brink—doubtless to mark the landing place.

I had not gone ten paces, however, out of the shadow, before I chanced to look round, and discerned with an unpleasant eerie feeling three figures detach themselves from it, and advance in a row behind me, so as the better to cut off my retreat. I was not to succeed in my enterprise too easily, then. That was clear. Still I thought it better to act as if I had not seen my followers, and collecting myself, I walked as quickly as I could down to the steps. The three were by that time close upon me—within striking distance almost. I turned abruptly and confronted them.

"Who are you, and what do you want?" I said, eyeing them warily, my hand on my sword.
They did not answer, but separated more widely, so as to form a half-circle; and one of them whistled. On the instant a knot of men started out of the line of houses, and came quickly across the strip of light towards us. The position seemed serious. If I could have run, indeed—but I glanced round, and found escape in that fashion impossible. There were men crouching on the steps behind me, between me and the river. I had fallen into a trap. Indeed, there was nothing for it now but to do as madame had bidden me, and play the man boldly. I had the words still ringing in my ears. I had enough of the excitement I had lately felt still bounding in my veins to give nerve and daring. I folded my arms and drew myself up.

"Knave!" I said, with as much quiet contempt as I could muster, "you mistake me. You do not know whom you have to deal with. Get me a boat, and let two of you row me across. Hinder me, and your necks shall answer for it—or your backs!"

A laugh and an oath of derision formed the only response, and before I could add more the larger group arrived, and joined the three.

"Who is it, Pierre?" asked one of these in a matter-of-fact way, which showed I had not fallen amongst mere thieves.

The speaker seemed to be the leader of the band. He had a feather in his bonnet, and I saw a steel corselet gleam under his cloak, when some one held up a lantern to examine me the better. His trunk-hose were striped with black, white and green—the livery as I learned afterwards of monsieur the king's brother, the duke of Anjou, afterwards Henry the Third; then a close friend of the duke of Guise, and later his murderer.

The captain spoke with a foreign accent, and his complexion was dark to swarthiness. His eyes sparkled and flashed like black beads. It was easy to see that he was an Italian.

"A gallant young cock enough," the soldier who whistled answered. "Not quite of the breed we expected." He held his lantern toward me and pointed to the white badge on my sleeve. "It strikes me we have caught a crow instead of a pigeon!"

"How comes this?" the Italian asked, harshly, addressing me. "Who are you? And why do you wish to cross the river at this time of night, young sir?"

I acted on the inspiration of the moment. "Play the man boldly!" madame had said. I would; and I did with a vengeance. I sprang forward and, seizing the captain by the clasp of his cloak, shook him violently, and flung him off with all my force, so that he reeled. "Dog!" I exclaimed, advancing, as if I would seize him again. "Learn how to speak to your betters! Am I to be stopped by such sweepings as you? Hark ye, I am on the king's service!"

He fairly spluttered with rage. "More like the devil's!" he exclaimed, pronouncing his words abominably, and fumbling vainly for his weapon. "King's service or no service, you do not insult Andrea Pallavicini!"

I could only vindicate my daring by greater daring, and I saw this even as, death staring me in the face, my heart seemed to stop. The man had his mouth open and his hand raised to give an order which would certainly have sent Anne de Caylus from the world, when I cried, passionately—it was my last chance, and I never wished to live more strongly than at that moment—I cried passionately: "Andrea Pallavicini, if such be your name, look at that! Look at that!" I repeated, shaking my open hand with the ring on it before his face, "and then hinder me, if you dare! To-morrow, if you have quarterings enough, I will see to your quarrel! Now send me on my way or your fate be on your own head! Disobey—ay, do but hesitate—and I will call on these very men of yours to cut you down!"

It was a bold throw, for I staked all on a talisman of which I did not know the value! To me it was the turn of a die, for I had had no leisure to look at the ring, and knew no more than a babe whose it was. But the venture was as happy as desperate.

Andrea Pallavicini's expression—no pleasant one at the best of times—changed on the instant. His face fell as he seized my hand and peered at the ring long and intently. Then he cast a quick glance of suspicion at his men, of hatred at me. But I cared nothing

for his glance, or his hatred. I saw already that he had made up his mind to obey the charm; and that for me was everything. "If you had shown that to me a little earlier, young sir, it would, maybe, have been better for both of us," he said, a surly menace in his voice. And cursing his men for their stupidity, he ordered two of them to unmoor a boat.

Apparently the craft had been secured with more care than skill, for to loosen it seemed to be a work of time. Meanwhile I stood waiting in the midst of the group, anxious and yet exultant, an object of curiosity, and yet curious myself. I heard the guards whisper together, and caught such phrases as: "It is the Duc d'Aumale."

"No, it is not D'Aumale. It is nothing like him."

"Well, he has the duke's ring, fool!"

"The duke's?"

"Ay."

"Then it is all right, God bless him!"

This last was uttered with extreme fervor. I was conscious too of being the object of many respectful glances; and had just bidden the men on the steps below me to be quick, when I discovered with alarm three figures moving across the open space towards us, and coming apparently from the same point from which Pallavicini and his men had emerged.

In a moment I foresaw danger. "Now be quick there!" I cried again. But scarcely had I spoken before I saw that it was impossible to get afloat before these others came up, and I prepared to stand my ground resolutely.

The first words, however, with which Pallavicini saluted the newcomers scattered my fears. "Well, what the foul fiend do you want?" he exclaimed, rudely; and he rapped out half a dozen corpes before they could answer him. "What have you brought him here for, when I left him in the guardhouse? Imbeciles!"

"Capt. Pallavicini," interposed the midst of the three, speaking with patience—he was a man of about 30, dressed with some richness, though his clothes were now disordered as though by a struggle—"I have induced these good men to bring me down—"

"Thep," cried the captain, brutally interrupting him, "you have lost your labor, monsieur."

"You do not know me," replied the prisoner with sternness—a prisoner he seemed to be. "You do not understand that I am a friend of the prince of Conde, and that—"

He would have said more, but the Italian again cut him short. "A fig for the prince of Conde!" he cried; "I understand my duty. You may as well take things easily. You cannot cross, and you cannot go home, and you cannot have any explanation; except that it is the king's will! Explanation?" he grumbled, in a lower tone, "you will get it soon enough, I warrant! Before you want it!"

"But there is a boat going to cross," said the other, controlling his temper



"Yes, sir," he said; "I am M. de Pavannes."

by an effort and speaking with dignity. "You told me that by the king's order no one could cross; and you arrested me because, having urgent need to visit St. Germain, I persisted. Now, what does this mean, Capt. Pallavicini? Others are crossing. I ask what this means?"

"Whatever you please, M. de Pavannes," the Italian retorted, contemptuously. "Explain it for yourself!"

I started as the name struck my ear, and at once cried out in surprise: "M. de Pavannes!" Had I heard aright?

Apparently I had, for the prisoner turned to me with a bow. "Yes, sir," he said, with dignity, "I am M. de Pavannes. I have not the honor of knowing you, but you seem to be a gentleman." He cast a withering glance at the captain as he said this. "Perhaps you will explain to me why this violence has been done to me. If you can I shall consider it a favor; if not, pardon me."

I did not answer him at once for a good reason—that every faculty I had was bent on a close scrutiny of the man himself. He was fair, and of a ruddy complexion. His beard was cut in the short pointed fashion of the court; and in these respects he bore a kind of likeness, a curious likeness, to Louis de Pavannes. But his figure was shorter and stouter. He was less martial in bearing, with more of the air of a scholar than a soldier. "You are related to M. Louis de Pavannes?" I said, my heart beginning to beat with an odd ex-

citement. I think I foresaw already what was coming.

"I am Louis de Pavannes," he replied, with impatience.

I stared at him in silence; thinking—thinking—thinking. And then I said, slowly: "You have a cousin of the same name?"

"I have."

"He fell prisoner to the Vicomte de Caylus at Moncontour?"

"He did," he answered, curtly. "But what of that, sir?"

Again I did not answer—at once. The murder was out. I remembered in the dim fashion in which one remembers such things after the event, that I had heard Louis de Pavannes, when we first became acquainted with him, mention this cousin of the same name; the head of a younger branch. But our Louis living in Provence and the other in Normandy, the distance between their homes, and the troubles of the times, had loosened a tie which their common religion might have strengthened. They had scarcely ever seen one another. As Louis had spoken of his namesake but once during his long stay with us, and I had not then foreseen the connection to be formed between our families, it was no wonder that in the course of months the chance word had passed out of my head, and I had clean forgotten the subject of it.

Here, however, he was before my eyes, and, seeing him, I saw too what the discovery meant. It meant a most joyful thing! a most wonderful thing which I longed to tell Croisette and Marie. It meant that our Louis de Pavannes—my check burned for my want of faith in him—was no villain after all, but such a noble gentleman as we had always until this day thought him! It meant that he was no court gallant bent on breaking a country heart for sport, but Kit's own true lover! And—and it meant more—it meant that he was yet in danger and still ignorant of the vow that unchained fiend Bezers had taken to have his life! In pursuing his namesake we had been led astray, how sadly I only knew now! And had indeed lost most precious time.

"Your wife, M. de Pavannes"—I began in haste, seeing the necessity of explaining matters with the utmost quickness. "Your wife is—"

"Ah, my wife!" he cried, interrupting me, with anxiety in his tone. "What of her? You have seen her?"

"I have. She is safe at your house in the Rue St. Merri."

"Thank heaven for that!" he replied, fervently. Before he could say more Capt. Andrea interrupted us. I could see that his suspicions were aroused afresh. He pushed rudely between us, and addressing me, said: "Now, young sir, your boat is ready."

"My boat," I answered, while I rapidly considered the situation. Of course I did not want to cross the river now. No doubt Pavannes—this Pavannes—could guide me to Louis' address. "My boat?"

"Yes, it is waiting," the Italian replied, his black eyes roving from one to the other of us.

"Then let it wait!" I answered haughtily, speaking with an assumption of anger. "Plague upon you for interrupting us! I shall not cross the river now. This gentleman can give me the information I want. I shall take him back with me."

"To whom?"

"To whom? To those who sent me, sirrah!" I thundered. "You do not seem to be much in the duke's confidence, captain," I went on; "now, take a word of advice from me! There is nothing so easily cast off as an over-officious servant! He goes too far—and he goes like an old glove—an old glove." I repeated grimly, sneering in his face, "which saves the hand and suffers itself. Beware of too much zeal, Capt. Pallavicini! It is a dangerous thing!"

He turned pale with anger at being thus treated by a beardless boy, but he faltered all the same. What I said was unpleasant, but the bravo knew it was true.

[TO BE CONTINUED.]

What Becomes of Them?

It appears that Great Britain keeps a record of the number of people who leave her to find new homes elsewhere. The figures of the immigration of 1895 have just been published and are of interest. In all, 185,366 emigrants left the United Kingdom, of whom 112,653 were English, 18,277 Scotch, and 54,486 Irish. The total was 27,336 more than in 1894, when there were fewer inducements to go abroad, and perhaps fewer to leave home. The United States received the bulk of this army of exiles—61,237 Englishmen, 13,231 Scotchmen, and all but about 2,000 of the Irishmen. The other emigrants were almost equally divided between Canada and South Africa. It seems, then, that this country receives a great many more English than Irish immigrants. But certainly they are not nearly so much in evidence. What becomes of them?—Philadelphia Ledger.

He—"So they were married at home, eh? What do you think of the service?" She—"Not much; it was marked 'sterling,' but I'm sure it was plate."—Philadelphia Record.

If a small piece of bread is put upon the point of the knife while peeling and cutting onions it will prevent the tears from flowing.

FELL OFF THE SHIP.

Sailors Who Were Not Accustomed to the Trolley Gunboat.

They were two jolly tars off duty and making the most of a brief relief from "keeping ship." After a convivial call up the line they were coming through Jefferson avenue on the rear end of a motor car and smoking their pipes while they talked with the usual volubility of the sailor in port. As a lady came from the somewhat crowded car the little fat son of Neptune stepped to the street that she might have a clear passage. Of course he had to touch his cap and by this ceremony he was delayed just long enough to have the car start with a jerk as his foot was on the step to rejoin his mate. When he hit the pavement he struck out like a strong swimmer for two or three strokes before realizing that he was not in the water.

"Man overboard," whooped the lad on the platform. "Dropped over the port side of the stern. Slow her down, man, slow her down and back up," as he excitedly grasped the arm of the conductor. "Give the engineer his bells," and he seized the strap that registers fares, jerked it at the rate of five dollars per minute till it came out by the roots, leaving the register hanging by one screw.

Meanwhile the little fat sailor was coming like a duck in a foot race, waving his handkerchief and shouting: "Ship ahoy!" as if the fate of Robinson Crusoe would be his should that car escape. The passengers could do nothing for laughing. The conductor was vainly striving to suppress the excited tar aboard, and he was calling upon his eyes to be blasted and his timbers to be shivered if he didn't scuttle the craft if she didn't come to and rescue his mate. He swore, too, that he was being marooned, for he wanted off to give the fat one a hand. He was released at the next corner, where he stood, shaking his fist while he called the conductor a bloody pirate till his puffing consort came alongside. Then they went rolling toward the police station to see what the "chief commodore" would afford them in the way of vengeance.—Detroit Free Press.

BOYS IN WALL STREET.

Their First Duties—What Is Expected of Them.

A Wall street boy is expected to be at the office at nine o'clock in the morning and remain there as long as his services are needed, though he usually gets away about four o'clock. He has an allowance of half an hour at noon for luncheon, but the rest of the time belongs to his employer. He is expected to be neat in appearance, clean as to hands and face, well mannered, truthful at all times, prompt in obedience and faithful in guarding the secrets of his employers.

The duties first assigned to him are to carry messages, deliver stocks at other brokerage offices, and obtain checks for them. After awhile he is advanced to making comparisons of sales of stocks and taking the checks received from other brokers to be certified at the banks.

Of late years the stock exchange clearing house has done away with so much of the stock delivery by boys that the number of them on the street is not more than half what it used to be. Formerly it was not uncommon to see from 25 to 100 boys waiting in line at each of the prominent banks to get checks certified, and nearly every bank employed a private policeman to keep the boys in line and in order.

A story is told of a new boy on the street who once went to make a delivery of stock. When the bookkeeper made up the accounts at the close of the day he found himself \$80,000 short, and an examination of the books showed that one of the boys had failed to bring back a check in return for some stock he had delivered.

He was perfectly innocent about the matter, and said that he had handed the papers in at the office where he was sent to make the delivery, and as they gave him nothing he supposed there was nothing for him to get. His employer treated him kindly, and told him to be careful not to make the same mistake again. He never did. That boy is now at the head of one of the largest brokerage houses on Broad street.—Harper's Round Table.

Dawn of the New Woman.

"To the stake with her," thundered the tyrant. "Mercy!" implored the unhappy captive. "Some other death! In heaven's name, some other death!" She entreated deaf ears and a heart of stone. "If he could know," she moaned as she was dragged away, "how I hate to cook!" Even now, ere yet the clouds of medieval superstition had begun to purple with the dawn of a better day, and more to that effect, the aspirations of woman were already looking beyond the merely domestic horizon with which convention sought to environ her.—Detroit Journal.

A Difficult Task.

Some of the police captains are brave men. I asked one of the bravest what was the hardest job he ever had, to which he replied:

"Stopping a prize-fight."
Thinking to hear an account of riotous proceedings, I asked for the details.

"Oh, there ain't any," he said. "There wasn't nothing disturbing about it. The trouble was with meself. I wanted to see the finish."—N. Y. Press.